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# Father Gander Golf Book

MYRA BRADWELL HELMER
INEZ LENORE KLUMPH

Illustrated by
CLARENCE VOLLMER

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# FATHER GANDER

# GOLF BOOK


—BY—

MYRA BRADWELL HELMER

INEZ LENORE KLUMPH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CLARENCE G. VOLLMER


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Dedicated to
His Eminence Colonel Bogey

There was an old farmer who lived in a slough,
He had so many acres he didn't know what to do;
He sowed and he ploughed without any avail,
Until with a Golf Club he fixed up a sale.

The oaths of its members are now loud and deep
As they toil o'er the fields both rocky and steep.
They drive and they brassy, they putt and they swear,
But the farmer is gone! What availeth hot air!

# * My First Game of Golf *

A man he would a-golfing go,
Whether his wife would let him or no.
Heigho! says Bogey.

So off he set with his clubs and balls
And paved the way for domestic squalls.
Heigho! says Bogey.

# * Links I Have Played On *

THERE was a man in our club,
And he had lots of gall;
He drove into an apple tree
And couldn't find his ball.

He took his club and whacked the boughs,
And broke off all the fruit;
The farmer went and got his gun—
And *now* he plays the flute!

This is the way the ladies play
When they are out on a tournament day:
"Fudge! Oh, mercy! Tush! Oh, dear!"
What more gentle could one hear?

This is the way the gentlemen play
When *they* are out on a tournament day:
* * * * ! * * * * !! * * * * !!! * * * * !!!!
On thinking it over I sadly fear
'Tis not for me to insult the ear!

## * My Best Scores *

This is the cup that Jack won.

This is the score
That gained the cup that Jack won.

This is the ball
That made the score
That gained the cup that Jack won.

These are the clubs
That hit the ball
That made the score
That gained the cup that Jack won.

This is the caddy who carried the clubs
That hit the ball
That made the score
That gained the cup that Jack won.

This is the farmer who chased the caddy
Who carried the clubs
That hit the ball
That made the score
That gained the cup that Jack won.

## * My Best Scores *

This is the maiden all forlorn,
Niece of the farmer in the corn
Who chased the caddy
Who carried the clubs
That hit the ball
That made the score
That gained the cup that Jack won.

This is the golfer, tired and worn,
Who kissed the maiden all forlorn,
Niece of the farmer in the corn
Who chased the caddy
Who carried the clubs
That hit the ball
That made the score
That gained the cup that Jack won.

This is the wife left home to mourn,
Spouse of the golfer, tired and worn,
Who kissed the maiden all forlorn,
Niece of the farmer in the corn
Who chased the caddy
Who carried the clubs
That hit the ball
That made the score
That gained the cup that Jack won.

# * My Best Scores *

This is the old cat who raised a storm
By telling the wife, left home to mourn,
Spouse of the golfer, tired and worn,
Who kissed the maiden all forlorn,
Niece of the farmer in the corn
Who chased the caddy
Who carried the clubs
That hit the ball
That made the score
That gained the cup that Jack won.

This is Colonel Bogey, shaven and shorn,
Who beat the old cat who raised a storm
By telling the wife, left home to mourn,
Spouse of the golfer, tired and worn,
Who kissed the maiden all forlorn,
Niece of the farmer in the corn
Who chased the caddy
Who carried the clubs
That hit the ball
That made the score
That gained the cup that Jack won.

# * Prizes I Have Won *

ING a song of tariff,
Senate's on the green,
Taft, with mighty niblick,
From the bunker's seen.

When the club descends
The ball begins to roll;
Isn't that a pretty shot
To put into the hole?

The North wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow;
And what will the golfer do then?
He will go to his club,
Poor, foolish, old dub,
And talk of his game;
What a shame!

I'll tell you a story about my game,
And now my story's begun;
I'll tell you another about the same,
And that will never be done.

## * Dubs I Have Played With *

I had a bag of golf clubs
And they were bright and clean,
I lent them to a lady friend,
Who was so very green
She bent them and she broke them,
She dragged them in the mire—
I would not lend my clubs again
For all the lady's hire.

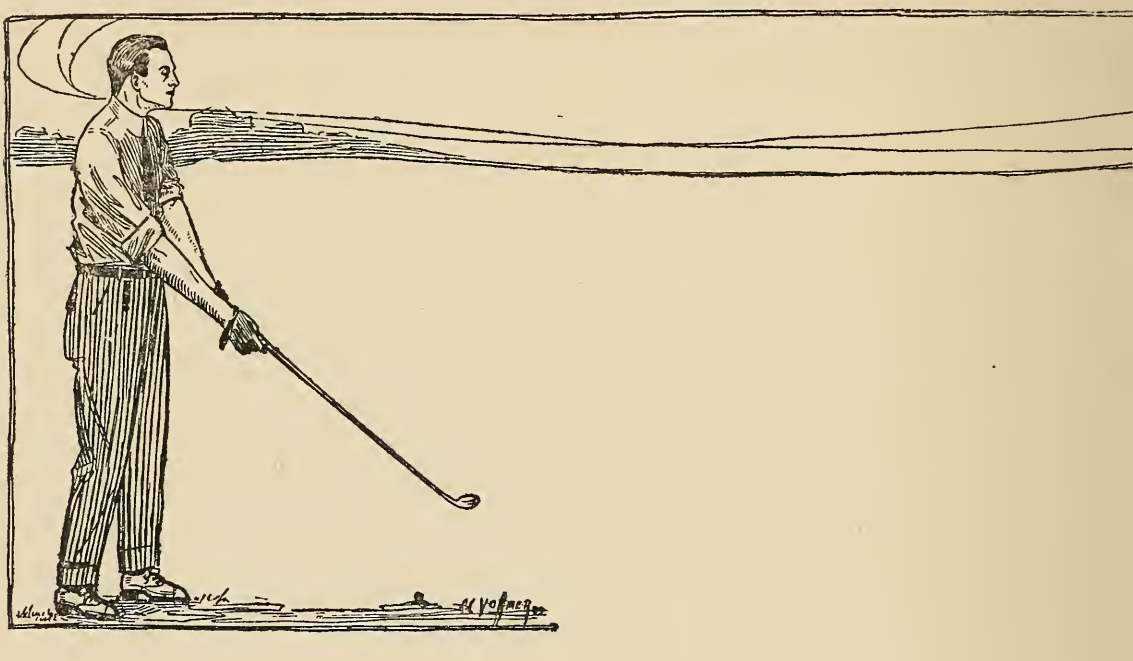
# * My Handicap *

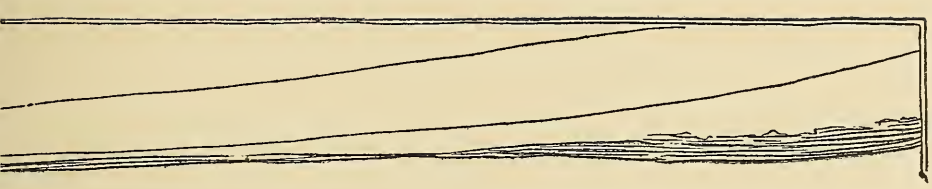
Hi diddle dunker, my ball's in a bunker,
I wish 'twould go over soon,
But my niblick is broke, I'm all of a soak
Trying to get out with a spoon.

Old Mr. Dunker stood in a bunker,
Soling his club in the sand,
Along came a caddy
Who yelled, "Hi, there, Daddy,
If you do that you're sure to get canned!"

Dang! Dang!! Daughter,
Ball's in the water!
Who put it in? Daddy!
Who pulled it out? Caddy!

# * Red Letter Days *





# Red Letter Days

Although at golf I'm not a shark,
Yet when I reach the nineteenth hole
I come in strong and win the cup ;
The cup—it is a flowing bowl.

## ✻ My Clubs ✻

Favorite Club

One Most Disliked

Remarks

Golfing laddy met a caddy,
  Playing with his only spoon;
Said golfing laddy to the caddy,
  "Young brat, I'll make you see the moon!"

There was a crooked man
  Who played a crooked game,
And every putt he made
  Was with a crooked aim.

He bought a crooked mashie,
  And used a crooked cleek;
He wobbled when he brassied,
  And shot a crooked streak!

# ✻ My Clubmates ✻

Most Popular Golfer

Most Hopeless Golfer

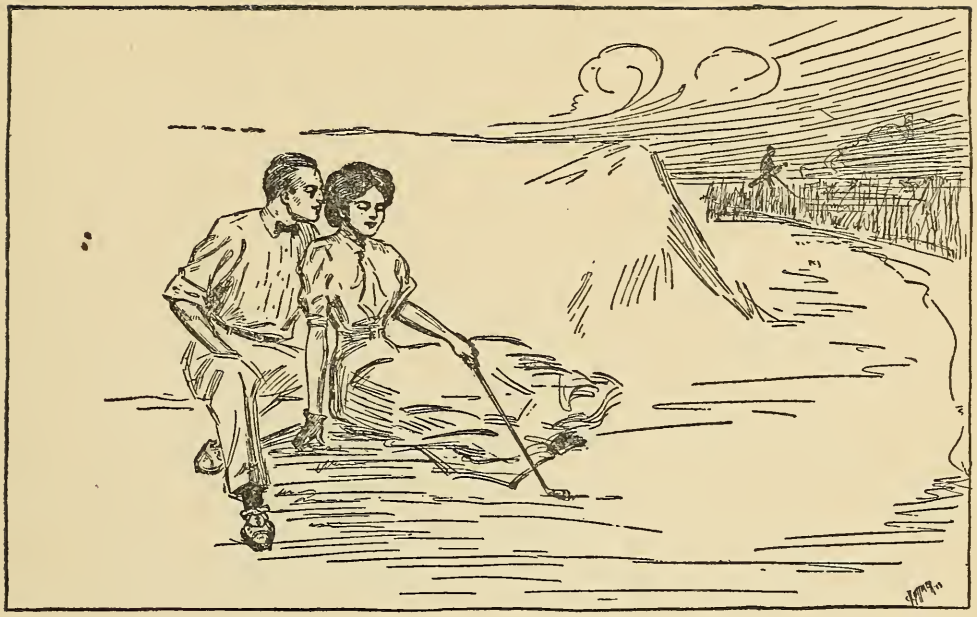
My Special Partner

There was a young lady from Boise
Who always was making a noise
About getting thin—
Said golf she'd begin—
Then farewell to avoirdupois!

# ✳ Snapshots ✳

See the man upon the links,
He is silent as the Sphinx;
His brassey slips,
The turf he clips—
He tells the Lord just what he thinks.

# ✻ Snapshots ✻



Mary and John have lost their ball,
But, bless you, they don't mind it,
They sit behind a bunker and spoon,
While the caddy goes to find it.

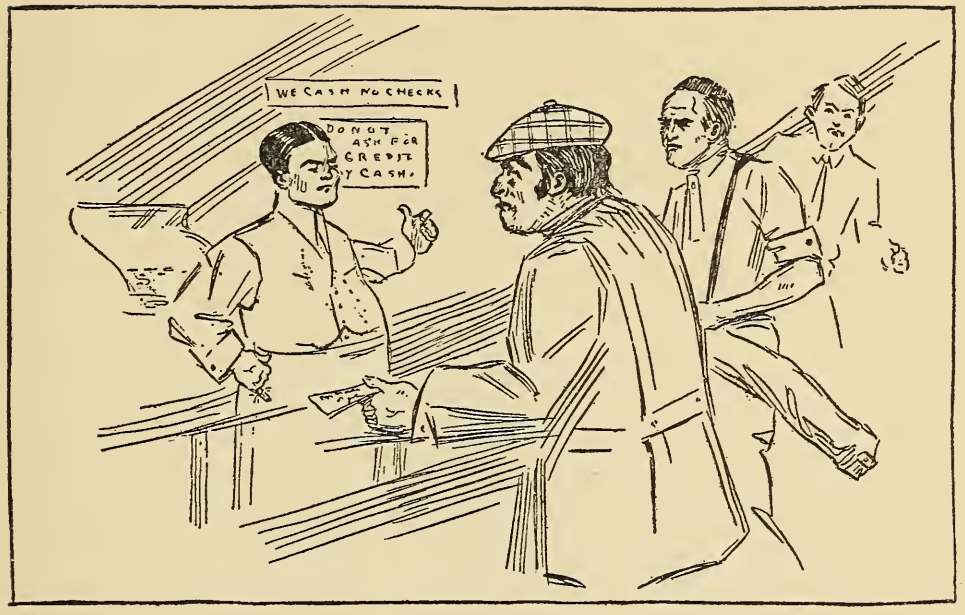
# Snapshots

He was a model lover,
Until he saw her play;
She couldn't hit a blooming thing,
Except a load of hay.
He straightway lost his love for her,
He loves a bogey score—
No cupid's darts for him, anon;
He'd rather holler "Fore!"

# ✻ Clippings ✻

Caddy, oh! Caddy! I'm all forlorn,
My ball's in the meadow, perhaps in the corn.
Come help me find it; for, should I lose,
'T will cost me the hole and also the booze!

# ✻ Clippings ✻




Col. Bogey went for a stogie
To quench the champion's ire;
When he found there was none
'T was really no fun—
The outlook for him was dire!

# ✻ Clippings ✻

Jack and Jill went up the hill
A-playing in a foursome;
Jack fell down and broke his crown;
Jill said, "'T will swell our score some!"

"John, come sell your golf sticks,
And buy your wife a gown;
"No! I'll not sell my golf sticks
For e'er a wife in town!"

Peter Putter, record player,
Had a wife who used to swear;
Though Pete broke records everywhere
He couldn't match his wife's hot air.

# Autographs

WILLY used the baby's head
For a golf ball—baby's dead.
Mamma said, "Oh, what a shame!
I fear that Willy's off his game!"

Willy on the course one day,
Thought that he would like to play,
Hit his grandpa with a club;
Grandpa said, "Aye, there's the rub!"

Little Willy on the green,
Turned to hear a man yell "Fore."
"What," said Willy, "*Can* he mean?"
Now little Willy is no more!

Bye, baby dolphin,
Daddy's gone a-golfin'
To win a little silver cup
To cheer his baby dolphin up!

# Miscellaneous

POOR little Paul has lost his ball,
And can't tell where to find it;
Leave it alone and it'll come home
Hid in the caddy's pocket.

Bogey, Bogey, queer old fogy,
How goes the game to-day?
With pulls and flubs
And awful dubs
I'm really scared to play.

Little ball, little ball,
Fly over the green,
But be sure to land
Where you can be seen.

Jack Spratt would always pull,
His wife would always slice—
They zigzagged back and forth, you see;
Their score it was not nice.

# Miscellaneous

Here's to the man with club in hand,
Here's to the king of bogey land;
Here's to the clubs with outlandish names,
And here's to GOLF, the game of games!

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